

Money Rap – Wish I Could Fly Away

By Paul Clark

Sometimes I just wish I could fly away, far from the stress and the pressures
From the unnecessary precious, things we use to measure -
Material success in this life
These things that bring short lived pleasure
It seems like all work and no leisure
Just to accumulate high price treasures that will never last forever,
So why do we compete with each other?

It's like, expensive things might give your life more value
And money might make people admire you
And it could even make people desire you
But even when your pockets are full your heart could still be empty
And you just could be the source of some ones envy.

I'm working my days away and whenever payday came it's always the same
Feeling like a king for a minute, then my bank balance hits it's limit
The familiar feeling of anxiety and panic, living a lifestyle on credit
When will it sink in when will I get it?
Money burns a hole in my pocket and I let it.

But this capitalism... it's got us all motivated by the same vision
Some are living nice and comfortable, and some end up in prison
And they might have just been chasing freedom
Or looking for a hand to feed them, cos I know the feeling,
You're hard on luck, its winter you can't pay the bills and its freezing
And your list of needs are extensive, and being alive are expensive,
Yet politicians are claiming 4 course meals on expenses?!
I don't understand this monopoly properly,
But there seems to be a system in places that's stopping me, and my social class,

Cos who owns all the wealth, stocks, shares, corporations, property?

Some say it's a rigged economy to maintain inequality

Now we're living in this age of austerity, food banks and charity

Yet the rich guy still seems to profit and live happily

Bankers currently control the currency

They say money talks, but it's a language only a few speak fluently.

So what really is the price of freedom?

Is it the cost of some ones ridiculously unaffordable lifesaving medical treatment?

Is it the cost of giving a pound to a homeless guy, who wants it for whatever reason?

Is it the cost of university education?

...This young generation

How many will save and have a pension?

...Money, what an invention!

In some ways money is a myth

If we all went bank to draw our money out, that amount of money doesn't physically exist!

We save it all our lives and leave behind when we're dead

This piece of paper with a picture of a woman with a crown on her head

So that's why I wish I could fly away

To a place where money doesn't matter

Where poor people don't starve while the rich get fatter

To a place where being born doesn't mean inheriting this nation's debt

To where money doesn't buy you love and respect

And to where money isn't the main cause of my emotional stress